

The human heart is a wonderful thing,
With its two-fold double life,
While the outer waits at the outside gate,
To battle with the care and strife,
The inner looks through to the real and true,
It sees the long way to the "endless day,"
Foretold by the good and the wise,
No longer by faith on the word which saith,
There are mansions in the skies.
Do it need to look for an unseen book,
Is the law and the love of God,
His children may read, learn all they need,
Nor fear his chastening rod,
The while the soul waits at the outside gate,
To battle with care and sin,
Let us watch and pray and be ready always,
For the message that bids "come in."
S. M. R.

JANIE'S CROSS.

"Auntie, who is the funny woman who lives in the little, brown house on the corner."

"I did not know before that a funny woman lived there."

"Now, aunt! Well, ugly woman—that suits her better."

"But not me. You mean Janie Reed. What do you know about her?"

"I know she wanted to snap my head off, and I only asked her for a few flowers. If her teeth are as sharp as her eyes, how the bones would crack."

"Stop your saucy tongue, dear. I hope you were not rude to her."

"Rude to her! Mercy! I'd want to get on the back of a good-sized elephant first. I am afraid she was rude to me, though."

"Janie Reed is what she is because of just such careless talkers as you are. Perhaps it would make you more charitable to hear her history."

"I'm sure it would, aunt; please begin now, for I may be getting hard fast, you know. I know I needed something."

"Really, Ellen, I don't like you to laugh at any one, and the surest way to make you ashamed of this is to tell you about her."

"About twenty years ago a family moved here from one of the eastern counties of Virginia. They were of the class called 'poorwhites,' and poor enough they were in every respect."

"All poor and no white, wasn't it, auntie?"

"Yes, and all pitiful. They were ignorant, unclean, and indolent; a sore upon the community. We were puzzled to know where the money and ambition were found which brought them here. Oh! so lazy they were. Perhaps this girl, Janie, was the key to the mystery. Some said so. She was so unlike the others, so bright and quick. She was terribly headstrong, but tender-hearted, and easily led with kindness. Nothing could make the family restless in their slough; so their condition could not be bettered; and as the girl steadily improved, she soon became ashamed of them. You see I don't class her with the family; no one could, the difference was too great."

"At ten, she was ignorant, did not know a letter; but natural gifts were asserting themselves so strongly that one could readily understand why an unacknowledged father would wish to get the evidence of his sin, and the girl's misery, as she more and more appreciated her circumstances, from before his eyes."

"Such affairs are common in the South, and the father gave evidence of tenderness rather than hardness of heart in sending her where she could not reproach him, or offend the eyes of his lady wife and daughters. Usually, however, the actors in such crimes are indifferent to the result, and the fastidiousness of any and all lawful members of their families."

"At twelve, two years after they came among us, Janie, in a fit of rage and disgust, left her home, and went from house to house through the village, begging, not for food, but for work. I believe she would have starved rather than ask for charity. Mrs. E.—, a kind soul, took in the little vagabond maid. She learned easily, and contact with refinement incited her to study; to be like other folks," she said. "Like 'other folks' she grew, but 'other folks' could not forget the folks, and as she did not take kindly to condescension, the 'little upstart' fought her way without encouragement. I admire the brave little body now."

"So, do I, auntie, and will willingly let her behold me if you will only say she was plucky enough for them all."

"How I admire your choice of words, niece. Janie's courage was good, and like the accepted run of village girls she certainly was not."

"Of course she was not a set of priff and slim tallow candles, all run in the same size moulds."

"A set of what?"

"Oh my gracious! stiff and prim, then. Why can't I talk when I get mad. Now auntie, what are you laughing at?"

"Because you can't talk, you poor child; if you only could, according to your ideas, I'd have to boil my story down to a dozen words, and use a week's time in slipping them in shape, during your breathing spells."

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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"Now aunt, you are too bad; but go on with your story and I'll keep quiet as a wet chicken."

"See that you do."

"Janie simply acted out herself. If doing or enjoying a thing was right, she did or said it as she wished, and could not understand why it might be unpopular, or why she need care if it was. She now resolutely shunned her old home. No, it did not seem wrong. They were dulled to so fine a feeling as filial love. I now think she knew the secret of her birth. It would be a matter of boast in many such families. They felt honored by her sorrow, for did she not bear their name? If she had groveled among them, instead of being proud of their 'pert gal,' they would have been as indifferent towards her as they were towards each other."

"She was now almost a companion for Mrs. W—. Her skillful fingers and faultless taste formed many dainty articles for the lady's toilet, and lent themselves to bring grace and beauty from the household arrangements. A pretty bit of moss, or vine, became an expression of her soul under her hands."

"About this time, when she was sixteen, a developed woman in all except the poise of the elements, constituting her character, Mrs. H.—'s nephew came home. He was a plain man, one whom a common-place girl could have met without danger to either. He was heavily built, stern, and a dominant will showed itself in his closely set lips, square chin, and deliberate ways. He admired Janie, and determined she should admire him. He did not plan to ruin her, but she must feel his power. He combined the expression of this power with a show of gentleness, which is always effective in the strong, and displayed his knowledge, which was liberal, with humility, leading her to think he saw in what she wished to be, not what she was."

"The esteem in which he usually held himself and his opinions, made deference to her, seemed a delicate compliment. She thought him such a man as he might have been, nay, as he would surely have been, had not a flicker of changed belief in woman and purity, to scornful unbelief, and the world's buffeting walling up all that was tender in the man. Now, he accepted success, even such as this, as a deserved tribute to his power."

"Only suffering can soften such strong, hedged about natures, and I hope it came to him, for he ceased enough. Well! I was the master mind. That tells it all. I must think there was a smouldering spark of love in his heart for the girl."

"The blindness passed, her agony was terrible. He was shocked by witnessing it into asking her to marry him, and telling her he loved her. She accepted, and the wedding day was appointed. Mrs. W. was to give him the bride from her home."

"If the man had not had a spasm of self-study come upon him, all would have been well. The marriage, and consequent association with her inherent nobleness, in spite of her grave misstep, would have increased his affection for her, and, in time, have smothered his cynicism. But a few days before the set time, he found his old shell, crept into it, and was again the heartless man of the world."

"He told her he was honorable, and as he had promised, he would marry her. He would never abuse her, being a gentleman, and as his wife, the best society should be what to welcome her; but—"

"But what? I said Janie, her quick pride on the alert."

"Well! I am paying dearly for our folly, while you are only gaining by it."

"How so, sir?" and the girl's cheeks blanched, while her eyes brightened and dilated.

"You would be my wife, doubtless you appreciate the advantages of the position. I, needing a lady wife, and for the asking can have birth, riches and accomplishments, lead up one from the lower rounds of the ladder, of whom society can expect nothing, and who must hold her own by graceless persistence."

"Well thought of Mr. E., and not too late. I shall do very well without marrying you."

"There is no need of your taking that lofty tone, my dear. I intend to abide by the bargains I make."

"Bargains! Thank God, low as I am, I did not bargain away my virtue, and I will not the little self-respect I have left."

"I wouldn't mind my self-respect so much, my dear; women usually give the most attention to self-interest, and I assure you that you are not advancing yours."

"The tones were enough to drive one mad, if not a word was understood, and Janie felt his insolence enter her soul, but it roused up the sleeping will and benumbed strength, which henceforth would help to guard what was left of her womanhood."

"Your logic becomes you. After hearing you compare the suffering of the indifference of a few purse-proud people would cause you—a strong man—with mine, a weak, poverty-stricken woman; yes, and a fallen one, cast out from every home, bearing a shame that I can not live down until my hair is white, I shrink from you."

"Be careful, Janie, you may make me angry."

"Better your anger than your insulting attentions. Please rid me of you presence, and spare me your pity, for I'd rather beg, or find death in a gutter, than marry you."

"Very well, madam! Really, your temper might have made you a difficult wife to manage. I bid you good day. With a mocking bow and a sneer upon his lips, he left the house, and, that same afternoon, the village."

"A woman devoted to the world, or a weak one, would have taken him, rather than step into the by-places of society. To Janie, life seemed full of bitterness and she preferred to bear the sin alone, rather than to cleanse the 'outside of the platter' by proffered means, and thereby save the commendation of a few shallow-minded ones to herself, and assure her own self-hatred."

"I choose to admire her last step, and offered my friendship. But, no; she met her punishment half way, by defying both kindness and contempt. She went back to the poor shelter, once her home, and sat down with her grief."

"Her sorrow and the wretchedness soon wasted her strength, both of body and mind, and the bright, brave girl became a stricken woman, whose pale cheeks, sunken eyes, and hopelessness, indicated that a rest, much needed, would soon be found in the grave."

"Here God's hand reached down to her; but who can tell if she used the offering aright. Sometimes the blessing comes through our putting aside, with gratitude, the proffered good. Not the good itself is always the choicest gift, but the state of mind the denying of self brings."

"An humble man, who in her happy days had loved her as a child loves a star, now came forward, and asked a husband's right to bring comfort about her, and if it must be so, to lay her in her grave."

"He was illiterate, having only a small, poor home to offer her, and of a stolid, if not weak intellect. In my eyes, his love glorified him, and, right or wrong, I urged her to accept."

"She refused at first, and said to him, 'I do not, and never can love you.'"

"But he fell upon his knees before her, a strong man in his sorrow, and begged, and pleaded, that he might take care of her, if not for her sake, for his."

"He was illiterate, having only a small, poor home to offer her, and of a stolid, if not weak intellect. In my eyes, his love glorified him, and, right or wrong, I urged her to accept."

"She was touched by his devotion, but could only tell the truth—I do not, and never shall love you."

"Maybe you can like me a little, Janie, just enough to make you comfortable with me."

"No, no, John! I don't ask to be comfortable, only to die, after I have suffered all God wants me to."

"He don't want you to suffer at all, Janie, and He knows He can be no kinder to me, than to let me take care of you. Before I saw how you feel about it, I was glad the trouble came, for I thought maybe I would seem nearer like you—no, I don't mean that, for I can never be like you—but perhaps you would not have to look so far down to me."

"Oh, John, stop! Your kindness is harder to bear than scorn. I would only bring reproach upon you. I am just in refusing you."

"Just, Janie! You are taking the best things out of my life. As for the reproach, every one who is acquainted with you, knows you are not bad. Come, my girl, let me take you from this place! While you are staying here my pleasant home shames me and my bread chokes me. Let me share with you, Janie."

"Humbled in spirit, through her weakness of body, she could not resist the change to quiet and cleanliness offered, and so she married him."

"I trembled for both, lest a return to health should lessen her dependence upon John's care, and she feel the galling of the yoke, and the inferiority of her yoke fellow so keenly that, because of her lack of self-repression, she make both herself and him miserable."

"After her boy was born, and after long weeks of sickness, she did begin to grow strong, and in time became well. John's care saved her. Night and day he stood by her, forgetting his own needs, so that the kind woman whom his scanty funds lured, said it was harder work to keep him from starving than Miss Janie."

"She took up life with a shudder of endurance. She held herself aloof from neighborly kindness. Neither could her babe soften her heart. She held it in her arms, and laid it upon her breast as another cross. It was a sweet, winsome babe, but so frail. Poor little one! it needed the downiest side of mother-love. Often I've seen her take the child in her arms, intently look upon its little face, then, her face darkening with bitter memories, lay it hastily in its crib, not heeding its wants for hours."

"Her husband loved the child, but during her 'black days' she could not see it in his arms without pain, and often would snatch it from him with gestures of loathing. It grieved the simple man, but Janie's ways were Janie's. He never lost patience, but the sadness and want deepened in his face, and gray sprinkled his head."

"The boy grew, but the soul was too strong for the body. The blue eyes, which should have sparkled with boyish unrest, were filled with longing, and a little wandering angel looked through, which seemed asking a return to the Father's arms, from whence it had strayed. The features were too closely cut, with no childish, rounded outlines, and the little body, at three years of age, would have been so light in a tender mother's arms that her heart would have ached with grief."

"The winter after his third birthday was a severe one, and taxed little Herby's strength. A cough came, and he seemed so tired. He seldom complained, but was oftentimes found curled in a sunny southern window seat, his cheek upon his hand, and his eyes looking out among the snowy clouds for that which they ever seemed to find. Janie scarcely noticed him. One day I plainly told her that her boy was dying, and she not trying to save him."

"I do not think he will die; better if he could, perhaps," she answered.

"Maybe, but a mother's hand is a fearful cause."

"What do you mean?" with anger. "I am not unkind to him, he has good food, and is dressed warmly."

"Yes, but perhaps he feels the need of something else, as well as you. Plain speaking will hurt you, but it may open your eyes. 'It is a shame to punish the baby for his misdeeds. He is cheated out of father's love, and you keep him from a mother's, and he droops like a flower out of sunlight. Be careful you don't cheat him out of life.'"

"Oh, Hester!" she moaned, "maybe you are right, but I can't love him. Evil hands are upon me. You know little of the hell I carry within me."

"Why, Janie, blessings are scattered all about you, and you in your blind rage trample upon them like a mortally wounded animal."

"Well, I am a mortally wounded animal."

"No, you are not. The wound would heal if you did not tear it open."

"It is useless to talk," she said, "I cannot forget, or cease to brood over my folly. Why did not God strike me dead, instead of leaving me to myself?"

"Don't talk so, Janie. You will live to thank Him that He did not strike you dead. He forgives, and knowing that, you can face the present bravely. The future will grow brighter. People forget, and usually care more for what you are than what you have been."

"But I cannot make John happy. I am so ugly, and he all the time so find that I feel condemned; everything good condemns me, and it makes me grow still uglier."

"There, there, Janie, Now, I under-

stand you. But, my girl, the condemnation is partly in your own mind; yes, mostly, for nearly all pity more than they blame, and are waiting to help you, but you repel all advances. You use the comforts God sends as a means of self-torture. Let yourself love your baby boy—I know you could not help it, if you did not shut yourself up with evil broodings—and be glad that you are so necessary to him and John. Let your home duties sweeten your life, and leave no time for such self-punishing."

"If I loved John, it would be so much easier. How much better is my life than the one I spurned?"

"For shame, Janie! to let such thoughts come into your mind. One man begrudged you the title and rights of a wife, and only in the letter could you have held them; the other crowns you with his love, and holds you sacredly unto his heart. And let me hear no more of easy duties; anything possible is easy in one sense. Recollect, if John was more congenial, nearer your level, he would—even if loving you well, enough to marry you—be harassed by thoughts of the past, and you and Herby be far less comfortable than now. Let an honest man's love make you content, and give him all the happiness you can."

"After this conversation she seemed to endure more patiently—perhaps no more should have been expected of her."

"In John, Herby found a loving guardian. He sat through the long winter evenings, with the boy by his side, or in his arms, slept with him at night, and was anxious every moment when away from him."

"With spring, the cough grew worse. After warm weather came, they were seldom separated. Day after day, the little fellow trudged along by John's side, as he went to the fields to work; at noon he ate his dinner between 'papa's' knees, and at night trudged home again, or knelt upon the tired man's shoulder. I could see them from the window by which I always sat when sewing. Very often John would leave his work to pat the curly head, and get a kiss, and if the bright eyes were sleepy, would spread his great coat—which he always carried for the purpose—upon the ground, and Herby would curl down upon it for his nap."

"In one corner of the home lot, the two had a bed of flowers, which were the boy's delight. He would bury his face in the blossoms, and talk to them as if they were friends. I always saw him there in John's absence, unless the weather confined him to the house."

"Summer came to a close, and had failed to strengthen Herby, as John's love had predicted. With the first fall rain, he caught a cold, which laid him upon his bed, with a 'slow fever,' John said, 'The laddie will soon be well.' Poor man! with his 'laddie so poorly' and 'Janie all the time having queer days.'"

"As the first day of winter was darkening into night, I heard a rap, hurried to the door, and met John, pale and trembling with exciting fear. 'Come quick, Mrs. L—,' he said, 'Herby is dying'; then, 'Yes, laddie, Papa John will hurry,' and with the face of one in a frightful dream, he hastened away."

"I found the boy sinking fast, and saw at once that the severe hemorrhage from the lungs had shortened his life to a few hours. John sat by the bed leaning over the child, whose little arm was about his neck. Painfully quiet he sat, and with dry, despairing eyes watched every change upon the little face before him."

"The boy aroused and said, 'Herby so tired, Papa John, so tired.'"

"What makes Herby tired?"

"Cause it's most night, I guess; hold me in your arms, papa, so I can rest."

"John cradled the child upon his breast, the pale cheek against the brown; one face so childishly fair, wearing a look the angels even would greet with joy, the other, drawn with an agony the angels must have pitied. Janie, as pale as if death was beckoning her, moved and spoke like turning to stone."

"Herby spoke again, 'Papa John, have you wrapped up my flowers so Jack Frost can't pinch them; you know you said he would try to?'"

"He will not come to-night birdie! and if he does God has nicely tucked up all that will live of your flowers in white snow."

"The brown head turned with a sigh of relief."

"I guess he will come, papa, it is so cold; my hands are cold, warm them in yours."

"John took the little hands in his, the same quietness upon him."

"But poor Janie! She found her mother-love when her boy was going from her to God. Throwing herself upon her knees she tried to take him, but he shrank from her, feebly saying, 'No mama, I will not make papa's arm ache; yours do, you know.'"

"Not now, Herby, they could hold you forever. Come to me darling, mother's little Herby."

"He put his hands to her face. 'You are crying mama? Why can't I see you? Are you so good to naughty Herby because he can't see? can't I ever see, and do you love me now, mama?'"

"Yes, mama loves you. Oh, my boy, my boy! Oh, God! let me keep him now, let me keep him, and with anguish ed she threw herself upon the floor."

"Mama, I will stay with you, but Herby's so cold. Warm me, papa."

"John kissed the pale lips, then said, 'Papa can't warm Herby, but the good Jesus will. Papa can't spare his laddie very well, but Jesus wants him, will he go?'"

"And have Papa John."

"Yes, dearie! he can't go now, but it is so nice there he don't want to stay away long. Will you and Jesus wait for him?"

"Yes, we will wait, and bring mama, too. Come, mama, Herby will not be a 'little trouble' there if you will love him."

"No, he can never be mama's trouble any more. Poor little murdered boy. Mama did love him. She is not fit, but she will come bye and bye, if God will help her, and she laid her face by his upon the breast of the man who had striven to fill her place and his toward the dying child."

"Then Herby will go," and the blue eyes closed. 'Herby will wait with Jesus.' A smile, and fluttering up of the little hands, and he was in Christ's arms."

"John robed the little body for the grave; letting none other touch him. All the time he talked to the dead child, 'Papa will come, laddie, you shall not wait long. Papa will hurry.'"

"We tried to break the calm which held him, but could not. After all was over we left them with their grief. I had no care now, lest Janie be unloving. The sullen pride was broken, and she was ready to gather up her remaining blessings, and cherish them. Days passed but John did not become like his former self. He was depressed in spirits, noticed no one, and went about like one dumb with pain."

"From a careful man he became a careless one, especially of his own needs. Exposure to a driving storm, without sufficient protection, brought him to bed with a brain congested and fevered, and a body racked with pain. This sickness, doubtless, caused his death, though that occurred some months later."

"I did all I could to lessen Janie's care. Herby's death aroused her to the tender pity for the man who had loved so well. His ravings were of 'his poor girl and the laddie,' and often she paled and shrank from before them. He seemed full of pity because 'she could not be glad with John and the boy.' 'So bad for her that God did not make John as smart as other men, so bad.' Then he would pray 'that he might love the laddie so much that he would not miss his mother's love, for he would be sorry when he died.'"

"Often troubles so crowded upon his fevered brain that help was needed to hold him. A We found that anything which had been Herby's quieted him, and one by one he was given, and would not let go, the toys, the blouse he last wore, the little cap which so long crushed down the brown curls, and even the pretty red mittens which had so delighted him, but were never worn."

"After many days the tide turned, and the weak, struggling life was quietly resting upon time's shore. One morning I went into his room to find him unconscious, lying back upon his pillow, with a child-like, placid expression upon his face, and by his side the little box in which Herby had kept his treasures, now containing that which, beside Janie, was most precious to 'Papa John.'"

"As he grew stronger, he still kept them by him. He would look them over and over, by the well-thumbed primer to his cheek, as if his boy's breath

still lingered about it, and across the little cap as though he forgot the curly head was not under it."

"He left his bed changed for the worse, in both body and mind. He was not devoid of intelligence, but it was narrowed to the circle bounded by his affections, to Janie, his boy's life and death, and his own childhood. He could not understand the change in Janie, and the old desire to increase her comforts, led him to attempt to recover his former occupations."

"As spring advanced occasionally I saw him in the field where Herby was wont to go with him. I see him now, bent and feeble as if with age, his thin face as hopeless and sad, and under his arm the little box. He always carried it with him, and seemed to feel his darling's presence."

"Janie watched him carefully now, and loved him as a mother loved her unfortunate child. She was a changed woman. She humbly bowed to God's will, and resisted not the bearing of the cross. Her steps had lost its lightness, and her cheek its bloom, but peace had settled upon her soul, and shone forth from her countenance."

"One day the life of ministration, which was strengthening all the good in her, ceased. The sad life of the man whom God loved and chastened, was laid down, and the new life, with his boy, begun. The untuned faculties were harmonized, and the cloud melted by Heaven's sunshine."

"He was found dead, lying by the bed of flowers which 'laddie' and the butterflies had so enjoyed together, the little box under his head, and a smile of welcoming joy frozen upon his face. Janie laid away the mementoes which had consoled him so long, 'for he will not miss them when he wakes to his joy,' she said."

"She set bravely to work to meet her needs, but was chilled by the coldness of her neighbors."

"All had known and loved the sweet boy and simple, kindly man, and not understanding the woman, blamed her more than was just, and showed their disapprobation when she needed encouragement the most. People forgot that an excess of charity seldom injures, while a scarcity of it is dangerous as the simoon's fevered blast."

"The defiant spirit returned; she secluded herself as much as possible, and eked out her scanty funds by an occasional bundle of work from the city. She took care of the little plot of flowers Herby loved, and never forgot her daily offering upon the two graves while the blossoms last. You carelessly asked for some of those precious blossoms, and the cold rebuff was from a heart bleeding from bitter memories. The only sweet, living streamlet flowing out from her life, is her kindness towards children, especially the poor and needy little ones. She will deprive herself to aid them, and not one who have received the answer you did to-day. Through them, I hope God will send some warmth into her decayed life."

ELLICE M. R.

A Poor Constable.

Stonewall Jackson, at sixteen, was a constable of the county of Lewis, Va., with his uncle Cummings Jackson as his security. The first execution that came under his hands was against a widow living some twelve miles from the court house. Jackson summoned a man named Charlie Post to accompany him and to assist him in driving away the cattle which he proposed to levy upon. When he arrived there he found that the old woman had but one cow, the principal means of her support. So soon as he learned this he turned to his companion and said: "Charlie, I will not levy this execution upon that poor woman's cow; as poor as I am I would rather work night and day and pay the debt myself." Upon that he left there and stated the facts to his uncle, his security in his official bond. He listened to his narrative and then said: "Tow, I see you were never born to be a constable, my boy; resign your office at once and I will pay the execution."

It is a curious sign of the times in India that, chiefly with native capital, a large cotton mill has lately been established at Barrackpore, near Calcutta, with the figure of the blue Ganesha for its trade mark. There are now twenty cotton mills at work in Bombay, and ten or twelve more in course of construction there, while outside of that city in other sections there are nineteen others. A native boy can earn six rupees a month at these mills, which is one more rupee than his father formerly could earn for the support of his family.

The wedding market is very dull for this season of the year; but occasionally something transpires to encourage the hopes of those who are waiting.—Ea.

A fashionable London preacher recently said: "St. Paul remarks, and I partially agree with him —"

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the Troy Deaf-mute Literary Club on
Saturday evening, the 27th inst., and to
hold the quarterly service for deaf-mutes
in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday,
the 28th inst., at 2:30 P. M.

Another Deaf-Mute Being Ordained.

The ordination of Mr. A. W. Mann,
which it was expected would take place
in the early part of February next, will,
by the decision of Bishop Bedell, occur
to-day, (St. Paul's Day), at Cleveland,
Ohio. We learn the ordination service
will probably be preached by the Rev.
Mr. Brown, of Trinity Church, Cleve-
land. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet telegraphed
that he would be there on the occasion.
It is to be very much regretted that we
did not receive earlier notice that the
ordination of Mr. Mann would be held
at this time, in order that we might have
published it in advance. Many of the
Western deaf-mutes would have been
highly gratified to witness the proceed-
ings, and no doubt a larger number would
have been present had they received
timely notice of the date of the ceremony.

The January Annals.

The quarterly has an engraving of the
Paris Institution for its frontispiece this
month. The leader is an article relative
to the institution, translated from a
French periodical by a graduate of the
National Deaf-mute College. It is pretty
severe, but the French critic gets paid
soundly in short but pungent foot-notes
by the editor, scattered plentifully
through the pages. We are promised a
continuation next quarter.

Mr. B. D. Pettengill, of Philadelphia,
a frequent contributor, has something to
say about the size of classes of the deaf.
It is too true that we ought to have small-
er classes, but these, together with lots of
other good things, are reserved for the
unknown future.

The late Elmore P. Caruthers has a
tribute from an associate. His death is
no small loss to the profession. "A Deaf-
mute's Barrister" is a readable article,
and closes the foreign articles, of which
the magazine this quarter has three.

There are reviews of some recent pub-
lications, among which we notice:
"Teaching the Deaf by Articulation," a
pamphlet from the Clarke Institution,
Northampton. We wish some one would
remember us with a copy.

Deaf-Mute Instruction in New York.

The institution tables given in the
January Annals, report 4,384 deaf-mutes
as under instruction in the United States,
Dec. 1st, 1876. But thirty-nine of the
forty-nine establishments for deaf-mute
instruction are reported. The benefi-
ciaries of the State of New York are
nearly all given and they show:

New York Institution,	485
Inst. for Improved Instruction,	101
Central New York Institution,	85
Western New York Institution,	43
St. Joseph's Institute,	64
St. Mary's Institute,	90
Cayuga Lake Academy,	4
Total	872

St. Mary's and Cayuga Lake are esti-
mated, but the figures are very accurate.
Allowing for the unreported institutions
which are each small schools, the num-
ber instructed in the State of New York
alone is very near one-fifth of the num-

ber in the whole country, which is to say
that the educational system of New York
comes nearer to reaching all the deaf and
dumb within its borders than any other
State. Add the increase in attendance
since Dec. 1st, of the several schools, and
the number under private tuition, and
we have very nearly a round nine
hundred taught in New York alone.

From the information at hand we be-
lieve we shall not be over the mark when
we say that with proper resources the
number under instruction could be a
thousand deaf-mutes. We could be sta-
tistically accurate if necessary, but the
statement of the broad fact will answer
for the present purpose. The proper
way to reach those outside, is to extend
the facilities of the smaller institutions,
particularly those of Central and West-
ern New York. This once done; there
will be little left undone.

The Railroad Track Again.

We have of late heard of and record-
ed many railroad accidents, in which
two actors were the locomotive and a deaf-
mute. The engineer who boldly stated
that he knew a deaf-mute who would go
any distance out of his way, rather than
walk on a railroad track, doubtless
exaggerated a little. But the number
that do walk and get hurt, sooner or
later, is shocking.

We have recorded many an accident of
this character, most were fatal, some re-
covered and became wise by experience,
and some otherwise.

The latest and most remarkable case
—remarkable for its supreme impru-
dence, we give just as we heard it.

Abraham Hurley, is a deaf-mute, six-
ty years old, certainly old enough to
know better, and a graduate of the
Pennsylvania Institution, which is not
situated near a railroad track, hence is
not calculated to get pupils in the habit
of crossing or walking thereon. He lives
a little way out from Cambridge city,
Indiana, and returning home from that
place one pleasant evening last summer,
he took the railroad track as the shortest
route. It came very near being the
surest way somewhere else. Half way
home, he felt tired and sat down to rest.
Where does the reader suppose? On the
end of a tie with his back to the track.
He was deaf, he could not hear a
sound, yet there he sat and gazed ad-
miringly into the face of the setting sun,
and at the scenery around him. Tired of
this he, then, oh, reckless man—he
took out a photograph of himself, that
day obtained; and relapsed into a brown
study over his own features.

A train thundered along as a matter
of course, and he tumbled down the
bank from whence he was picked up for
dead and carried home. But he was not
dead. Careful nursing for many weeks
has brought him around to the point
where he is able to stand or walk or lie
in bed. He cannot sit without severe
pain. His posture is stooping.

We mention the case with every feel-
ing of sadness, solely as a warning to
deaf-mutes to keep off the track. Had
we the power, we would enact laws to
this end, and make their disobedience
heavily punishable.

Requests and Gifts to Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb.

The recent announcement of the good
fortune of the Montreal Protestant In-
stitution, in being given land and a
proper building for educational purposes,
by a generous Canadian, suggests some
observations on the subject of such dona-
tions, as applicable to our own State.

A College, seminary, educational scheme
in brief, started for the benefit of those
gifted with all their senses, distinct and
non-participant in the public school sys-
tem of the State, usually counts upon
donations and bequests in addition to its
yearly income from pupils, to carry it
along and ultimately to put it on a secure
basis as regards building, grounds and
sundry funds. In the main, the hopes
and pre-suppositions come true. A be-
nevolently-inclined person with more
money than he actually needs, (and there
are still a number of such people in the
world), bequests and dies, or donates and
lives as the taste inclines, and so the
schools live and thrive.

Institutions for the deaf and dumb are
not included in this showing, at least not
to any congratulatory extent in number of
bequests, or amount of money separately
or in the aggregate.

And why? So far as our State is
concerned, the reason rests solely upon a
misconception. It is presumed in the
public mind that the State takes deaf-
mutes under its own protection and pro-
vides them with the wherewithal for an
education. Very true it does, and yet
it does not. The paradox is best ex-
plained by saying that the State assumes
the duty and privilege of the father as
far as the pocket-book goes. This and
no more. It assumes the responsibility
of the education of every deaf-mute for
a certain term of years, at so much per
capita each year, fixing itself the term
and the rate. It declines to buy land,
put up buildings, furnish and repair.
All this devolves upon the Board of Di-
rectors or Trustees, or the financial gen-
ius each institution is supposed to pos-
sess. Therefore, sifted down among the
realities, each institution for the deaf and
dumb in this State is on an equality with
private schools for the hearing in matters
of income, and ought to, also, receive an
equal share of bequests and donations.
But, as before said, the idea prevails that
it is hard to eradicate such ideas from
the public mind.

Let us should be thought to lay too
much stress upon this point as the chief
reason, we would instance the case of the
American Asylum, the first school for
deaf-mutes, in this country. It began
on individual charity, which increased in
ratio as the school and object became
known. Finally Congress took hold
with a donation of public land, and then
the New England State Legislatures be-

gan to help, and the private charity
dropped off, and ceased altogether.

An institution for deaf-mutes under
the conditions of this State, presents an
inviting field for charity. Its aim and
scope are alluring, for, to help
in this education, means not aid in pol-
ishing off and carrying higher up, youth
already well instructed and endowed,
but the assistance to obtain, what is not
possessed before in any degree—an edu-
cation; and an education to those who,
on account of the loss of an important
sense, doubly imperatively require it.
The true standing of our institutions are
understood by a few. The New York
Institution has had several bequests,
mostly of a small amount. But in the
aggregate, running back since its orga-
nization in 1819, they amount to a great
deal.

The Institution for Improved Instruc-
tion has a building fund of encouraging
proportions, considering its youth. Pri-
vate contribution, we believe, makes up
nearly the whole. We have the impres-
sion that it has a gift from the city of
New York of a valuable piece of land,
on which it purposes to build as soon as
the way is financially clear.

The Central New York Institution
has had a remarkable growth. It is very
young—not yet two years old; but it is
hampered in, and compelled to halt in
its march of progress by the want of
sufficient accommodations. It has re-
ceived the gift of sufficient land; the
plans and estimates for a building are
all made; but it has no money to break
its ground. Merchants and millionaires
of all lands and climes are invited to
examine the case, and to help a little
with their influence and their gold.

The Homizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to as-
sociations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends
and readers will keep us supplied with items for
this column; mark items so sent: *The Homizer.*

Mr. H. R. KERR, the well-known ar-
tist of Jackson, Mich., lately received
an order from the Chicago Deaf-mute
Society for two portraits in oil of the
late THOMAS H. GALLAUDET and LAUREN-
CE CLERC. They are intended to be
hung up in the rooms of the society, No.
89 East Madison St.

PROFESSOR BANGS who was for several
years connected with the Michigan Deaf-
mute Institution as principal, we believe,
now lives at Flint, Mich. We do not
know what his plans for the future are,
but it has been said that he has no in-
tention of ever returning to the work
with which he has been identified for
several years past.

MICHAEL MODLIN, a deaf-mute, was
killed Jan. 15th, near Ava, Illinois, on
the Cairo & St. Louis Railroad. It is
supposed that he was walking on the
track at the time, not dreaming of the
foolhardiness of the act. He probably
thought he was quite safe. We wonder
whether he had ever read in the JOURNAL
of similar accidents. Perhaps if he had,
he would have kept off the track.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of the "Lowell Silent
Society," the following resolutions were
unanimously adopted:
WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty
God to remove from our midst our wor-
thy brother, George R. Lake.

Resolved, That while yielding with
submission to His will, we deeply
mourn the loss of a good member, a
faithful friend and one whom we shall
much miss at our social gatherings.

Resolved, That we extend our heart-
felt sympathy to his parents and sisters
who mourn his death, all knowing his
worth as a loving son and an affectionate
brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolu-
tions be presented to the parents of the
deceased, and that they be published in
the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and entered
on the minutes of the Society.

J. N. SORSE, Pres't.
P. J. WRIGHT,
JAMES NELSON,
Committee on Resolutions.
Lowell, Mass., Jan. 15, 1877.

How a Young Life Went Out.

An affecting incident occurred at the
Academy of Music, lately. Among the
audience was a wealthy family, one of
the members of which has for years
been in delicate health, and was born
deaf and dumb. It has been the cus-
tom of the family to take their afflicted
daughter with them to the theatre, as
she seemed to enjoy the excitement
and action, although she could not hear
a sound. It was observed that she
seemed very much amused at the comi-
calities of Mr. Sol Smith Russell, and
enjoyed the changes of his facial ex-
pression as much as any of the audi-
ence. When Signor Tagliapietra came
on to sing it was noticed that a curious
light came into her eyes, and stretching
out her arm to her mother, she spelled out
her fingers, with the greatest excitement,
the words, "Mamma, I hear." The next
piece was an orchestral arrangement of
"Trovatore." As the composition pro-
ceeded the tears flowed down the poor
girl's cheeks, and her excitement became
so great that it was deemed prudent to
leave the theatre. On reaching home
the exhaustion produced by the events
of the evening was such that the family
physician was summoned. As she lay
on her couch she reached for her slats
and wrote: "Mother, I think Heaven
must be music." The next day in accor-
dance with her request, Mr. Russell was
sent for, and he kindly came and sang
for the little sufferer. It was too late.
Death had marked the child for victim,
and she did not even smile. The little
lips are cold now, and there is a vacant
chair in the family circle.—*San Fran-
cisco News-Letter.*

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common
Prayer.

Sunday, Jan. 28th.

The Psalter for the 28th day of the
month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Jeremiah v.
2d Lesson—Matthew vii.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Jeremiah xxii.
2d Lesson—Ephesians i.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Sep-
tuagesima Sunday.

Sunday, Feb. 4th.

The Psalter for the 4th day of the
month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Jeremiah xxxv.
2d Lesson—Luke vii, verse 10th.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Jeremiah xxxvi.
2d Lesson—Ephesians ii.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Sex-
agesima Sunday.

Serious Charges.

THE WAY CERTAIN UNFORTUNATE CHILD-
REN ARE SAID TO BE TREATED.

A very curious charge is brought
against those in charge of the Ohio State
Asylum for feeble-minded persons by a
woman named Bailey, living at No. 65
Independence street. G. A. Doren, M.
D., is the superintendent in charge of
the institution.

Mrs. Bailey says that sometime in
September she and her husband, James
Bailey, made due application and placed
their little daughter Emma in the in-
stitution. The little girl was ten years
old, deaf and dumb and feeble-minded;
for three months after taking the child
there, the parents wrote inquiring about
the girl, but could get no answer to any
of their letters; Mrs. Bailey wrote to
those in charge, asking if the child fell
sick that they would notify her and she
would come and care for it; no word came
to her, however, until she wrote to Doren,
in December, when he answered, saying
the child had a severe cough; this was
on the 22d of the month, and on the
28th Mrs. Bailey received a telegram,
saying that the child was dead; she at
once went to Columbus to bring home
the body. She was obliged to stay there
a few days, and says she does not think
the children had sufficient care. She
says there was a large number of children
in the hospital. These had some attend-
ance during the day, but at night the at-
tendants left them with no one to care
for them, and went to bed in another
part of the building. Mrs. Bailey, while
she was there, slept near the hospital,
and she says at night the little sufferers
would cry for water all night long, and
no one would hear them. She herself
arose in the night and gave several of
them water. She says that while the
children were returning from their meals
they had to cross a court-yard in the
open air, and at this time of year covered
with snow; and that one of the boys
in the line was unable to use his lower
limbs, and was obliged to crawl on his
belly and drag himself along by his
hands, with no covering for them. No
crutches were provided for him. Mrs.
Bailey says her little girl's clothing was
never washed, and was unfit for her to
wear. This is the woman's story as told
to a Herald reporter yesterday.—*Cleve-
land Herald.*

Walter W. Price's Many Wives.

ONE ASKING FOR THE CUSTODY OF HER
DEAF-MUTE DAUGHTER LILY.

The marital ventures of the late Wal-
ter W. Price took a new form in the
courts yesterday, in the application of
the last of his wives, Constance B. Price,
for the custody of her child, Lily M.
Price. The girl, she said, is detained by
one Mercy Everson, in collusion with
Stephen Brown, D. C. Lyman, Walter
J. Price, and Caroline Ashmead, ex-
ecutors and executrix of Walter W.
Price. Mrs. Constance B. Price says
that she was married to Walter W.
Price in July, 1865, and that they lived
together until April 10, 1874. She sued
him for divorce, but he set up a defence
that the marriage was void because he
had a wife living when he married her.
It was so adjudged, although Price had
purchased a divorce from a wife he had
married in order to marry Constance.

Nelly Price, a child, who lives with
her mother in Brooklyn, was born Aug.
21, 1870. Lily M. Price, whose custody
is sought, was born Feb. 21, 1865. Both
are of tender years, and their circum-
stances, their mother says, require that
they should be brought up together as
far as practicable, because they are deaf-
mutes.

Mrs. Price married Susannah Butler in
England in 1839. Of that marriage one
child was born, and mother and child
are still living in England. Price came
to this country in 1841, and being pros-
perous in business, married Caroline J.
Barton in 1843. Six children were born
of that marriage, including Walter J.
Price and Caroline Ashmead, aged re-
spectively 32 and 27 years. Price died
in January, 1876. He left a legacy of
\$50,000 to his daughter Lily, which, in
case of her death, was to go to his daugh-
ter Caroline Ashmead. Mrs. Everson,
with whom the child now is, is a widow,
a sister of Mr. Price.

Mrs. Price says that while the suit
was pending, in which Price obtained a
divorce from her on the ground that a
former wife was then living, he offered
her \$50,000 to stop the litigation and let
him obtain a divorce. She refused be-
cause it would render the children illegiti-
mate.

Judge Donohue reserved his decision.
—*N. Y. Sun, Jan. 17, 1877.*

Four Deaf-Mutes Married.

The Louisville Commercial of the 11th
inst. says: "To the long list of weddings
this season, the present week has added
two unusually interesting ceremonies,
the joining of hands and hearts of four
deaf-mutes. The first ceremony took place
in this city, while the second was sol-
emnized in Georgetown yesterday morn-
ing. Mr. Charles Bronson, of Franklin,
Ind., and Miss Sarah Willhartz, of this
city, were married Tuesday at noon in
the parlor at the residence of the bride's
parents, Rev. A. B. Simpson officiating.
The parlor was thronged with the friends
of the bride and groom, the majority of
whom were deaf-mutes, all residents of
this city and vicinity. It was quite a
novel and interesting sight to see them
carrying on a general conversation by
means of signs. At the appointed hour
Rev. A. B. Simpson entered the room,
followed by the bridal party, and in the
presence of the assembled friends the
beautifully-impressive marriage ceremony
was performed, Prof. W. M. French as-
sisting Mr. Simpson by interpreting the
ceremony to the bride and groom and
for the benefit of the deaf-mutes present
in the language of signs. The bride, an
attractive brunette, was dressed in a
brown-colored dress, with ornaments and
a wreath of flowers on her head, while
the groom wore a neat suit of black. Af-
ter the ceremony the party was invited
to partake of a sumptuous dinner, and
amid warm congratulations an hour was
most delightfully spent. In the after-
noon they left for Georgetown, accom-
panied by Prof. French, who was mar-
ried at that place yesterday morning to
Miss Mary E. Graves, daughter of W.
E. Graves, Esq. The ceremony, similar
to the one here, took place at 11 o'clock,
at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs.
Susan Finley, Rev. John Reeves, of-
ficiating, and was followed with a dinner
tendered the bridal party. A large num-
ber of friends were present, and the af-
fair was a most delightful one. After
the reception, both couples left on their
bridal tours, carrying with them the best
wishes of many friends."

A Difficult Job.

The most alarming spectacle that has
excited the streets of Burlington for a
long time was witnessed at the corner of
Market and Main streets yesterday af-
ternoon. A man from one of the freight
offices was trying to lead a deaf and dumb
man, who had been sick and unable to
read the papers since election, all about
the Presidential muddle. He succeeded
very well in explaining to the deaf and
dumb man, in mute show, what build-
ing was, and gave really quite an enter-
taining description of the manner in
which Tilden carried Mississippi; but
when he came to explain the subsequent
complications, and attempted to portray
in pantomime Mr. Cox's plan for count-
ing the Electoral vote, and the proposed
amendment to the Constitution provid-
ing for the reorganization of the Electoral
College, he went into convulsions that
lasted an hour and a half, paralyzed on
one side of his face, and finally left him
with every joint in his body dislocated.
The deaf and dumb man bought a ticket
right away for China, and wrote on a
time card at the depot that it must be
awful, and that he wouldn't stay in this
country until affairs got straightened out
and settled, not for \$1,000 a minute.—
Burlington Hawkeye.

NEW YORK MILLS, N. Y., Oct. 2, '76.
We have sold Hatch's Universal
Cough Syrup for about four years. It
has the best sale of any medicine we
keep. Our customers say it is the best
of its kind. We have used it in our
families, and recommend it to all as a
leading balsam for the lungs. Safe to
use, and prompt in its effects. We are
authorized to warrant it in every case.
No cure no pay! Use it for croup and
whooping cough.

WM. SEELYE & BRO.

No one can give so reliable information
in regard to the value and sale of a medi-
cine as the dealer. Ask your druggist
what he knows about this remedy.
Gratuitous samples can almost always
be obtained. For sale by dealers gen-
erally. 50-4w.

A Memorial Service to the Late R. P. Bliss.

was held in the M. E. Church last Sun-
day evening. It consisted largely of the
singing of songs composed by Mr. and
Mrs. Bliss. Prayer was offered by Rev.
E. H. Munger, of Parish. The follow-
ing persons made impromptu remarks,
explaining the facts upon which some
of his hymns were founded, or speaking
a word in memory of the departed: J. J.
Coley, T. W. Skinner, Rev. J. H. Mc-
Gahan, C. Walton, Mrs. T. W. Skinner,
Rev. S. P. Gray, L. Miller, and Rev.
E. H. Munger. H. I. Barton read the
23d Psalm.

The following are the titles of some of
the pieces sung: Hold the Fort; We're
Going Home To-Morrow; Jesus Loves
Even Me; Whosoever Will; Precious
Promise; Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-
day? Remember; Waiting and Watching.
Some of these were sung by the
choir, some by the children, and others
by the entire congregation. Several fine
solos were also rendered. The singing
was fine and the exercises were very
interesting.

The Regents have made the follow-
ing appointments from the United
States Deposit Fund: For instruction of
common school teachers, Mexico Acad-
emy, \$200; Palmski Academy, \$200.
For purchase of books and apparatus,
Phoenix Union School, \$100.

The New York Insurance Chronicle
of the 11th inst., says: The Oswego
and Onondaga Insurance Com-
pany, after vainly seeking salvation from
the capitalists of Syracuse, is preparing
to step down and out.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

New York, Jan. 24, 1877.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

People in New York are getting dis-
gusted with Old Probabilities and Signal
Stations, and the talk about "storm a-
reas," "centres of disturbance," "de-
pressions," "dagger lines," and all the
shibboleth of the weather reports. Es-
pecially is this the case with the oldest
inhabitant. "When we trusted to the
goose-bone, and the weather-cock, and the
Almanac, then weather was weath-
er," said one of these worthies a day or
two ago. "But what is it now, I should
like to know? They talk about storm a-
reas, and keep you shivering for a week,
a thinkin' about what's comin', and in
the mean time there ain't no dependences
to be placed upon the weather you have
got. The rheumatiz used to be a good
sign, and corns, but now they begin to
twinge about a week ahead, because
these fellows tell about a storm brewin'
way out in the Rocky Mountains or
Trisco, that'll get along in a week or so.
I don't take no kind o' stock in these
here new inventions."

The more cultured of us don't say it,
but we all agree with the old settler;
who by the way is neither a Van Ron-
selle nor a Mason-Jones. Such weath-
er was never known before. Curious peo-
ple began to pry into the matter, and we
wish they wouldn't. It is very discour-
aging, and they had better let it alone.

Tumor says that Mrs. Commodore
Vanderbilt is not satisfied now, and every
woman agrees with her. Still, she was
an old man's darling, which is more
than can be said of Mrs. Haskell. She
married Mr. Wm. J. Haskell when she
was about 17 and he about 50; suppos-
ing, as every one else did, that he was
worth at least \$100,000. He abused
her all his life, not dying until he was
over eighty, and then left her only a
widow's dower in their house on Twen-
tieth street. He owns a house in Wil-
liamsburg, and Mrs. Haskell thinks it
only reasonable that after being an old
man's slave for so many years, that she
should have something more.

Dr. Llewellyn Bevan, who was called
from England to the pastorate of the
"Bible Church" here, has been severely
censured for requesting some person
whom he could not see, but who was
coughing incessantly, if it could not be
suppressed to kindly withdraw from the
church. He says he has taken the same
course in England; nothing would have
been thought of it; he did it as courte-
ously as possible, but he supposes that
being a stranger, it was not liked in him.
Most people would have supposed that
the afflicted would have been glad to
leave without waiting to be asked to do so.

In the way of art, the opening of
the Lenox Gallery and the water color
exhibition at the Academy of Design,
have been the leading events, with the
exception of the art sales. The Lenox
Gallery pictures are valuable as speci-
mens of certain artists, but the portraits
are for the most part very true to nature.
I imagine, for they are exceedingly ugly,
and it is a gallery of portraits.

The water colors in the Academy are
fairly good, with a few gems. It takes a
far more cultured taste to appreciate the
delicacy of a fine water color, than the
richer, heavier coloring in oils; therefore
an admiration for water colors is still in
its infancy in this country.

Mayor Ely is a new broom in office,
and is sweeping clean, theoretically; but
will he do so practically? The tax-pa-
yers of New York most devoutly hope so.
The half-sisters of Eugene Sue, daugh-
ters of Nathaniel Miles, are suing (no pun
intended) for the revenue of their estate
in this city. One of them is the wife of
Gen. Adam Badaud to whom she was
married about a year ago. They are
the heroines of the "Wandering Jew".
Their father, a widower, married Eu-
gene Sue's mother, a widow, and hence
the connection. So they are not the
great French novelist's grandchildren, as
has been stated. They are well-known
and much esteemed in New York social
circles.

Bergh is growing fat; he was never
so busy in all his life, and never so happy;
but he is ruining the house of the future.
They already know him, and whenever
they think their load is too heavy, they
just stop until Bergh or one of his men
comes along to lighten it for them. The
next generation of horses will decline
altogether, and the second will
probably put humanity in harness. Will
some philanthropic Bergh rise up for
them.

We are just as gay as ever, and our
ball season is at hand. The Old

CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston Notes.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 3, 1877, the deaf-mutes of Boston, Mass., who were not satisfied with the working of the so-called New England Mission, under the management of E. N. Bowes, met at the John A. Andrew Hall to discuss the project of establishing Sunday services for those in that vicinity. Wm. H. Goldsmith, of Cambridgeport, occupying the chair. After prayer by Prof. Job Turner, of Malden, Wm. Lynde, of Boston, made a few remarks explaining the object of the meeting. He was followed by Mr. Turner, who read a letter from Mr. J. T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, further explaining the object. Geo. A. Holmes, and others, also made remarks in favor of the project, and it was resolved to open the hall the next Sunday for religious services, lectures, &c., (an account of which we have already furnished our readers in a late issue of the JOURNAL). Four trustees, Hon. Martin Breen, Francis A. Brooks, Joseph Storey, and James Sturgis, Esq., have taken charge of the matter, and appointed J. T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, and Geo. A. Holmes, of the Registry of Deeds office, in Boston, a committee to look after the affairs of the society, under their direction. David White has been appointed collector, and James Sturgis, Esq., is the treasurer of the trustees, No. 36, N. E. M. Life Insurance Company Building, corner Milk and Congress Sts.

The following was the report of the Boston deaf-mute society, given at their meeting, of January 15th, 1877:

"The deaf-mute services at their room over the John A. Andrew Hall, Chancery street, were again well attended yesterday, Prof. R. H. Atwood, of Newburyport, conducting the services morning and afternoon, and discoursing on 2d Corinthians 1:6, and St. John 14:1. The attendance was even greater than on the last Sunday, showing the interest taken in the services by the most intelligent portion of the deaf-mutes. The evening services were particularly interesting, seventeen coming forward for prayers. A lecture will be delivered on Wednesday evening next by Prof. Job Turner, of Malden, to be followed by others every Wednesday evening."

We are authorized to state that any of our readers who may be in that city on those evenings or on Sundays are cordially invited to call at the Hall. John O. David, of Amherst, N. H., is expected to conduct the services, Sunday, Jan. 21st.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

National Deaf-Mute College Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 13, 77.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—

On New Year's day the students turned out almost en masse, to make calls on the professors and the ladies of the institution, but in the afternoon the snow storm prevented them from extending their visits out of the grounds. Two Freshmen and one Prep, put down the name of Mrs. Senator Edwards on the list of friends, whom they were going to honor with a call. But when they saw the long line of equipages before the door, and the crowd of notable people going in and coming out, they got discouraged at the thought of their own little importance, and gave up the idea.

Mrs. Pres. Gallaudet was assisting the wife of the Senator from Vermont, in receiving callers at the time, and would have been, no doubt, glad to see the three bashful students, if they had called.

The students, who stand out like a star in the city, had hard work to get back to the college, on account of the snow storm which was then raging. Those who stood up on the night that ushered in the new year to "ring out the old, ring in the new," did not feel well repaid for all their trouble. They forgot to bring a rope with them to pull the bell, and used a handkerchief instead, which broke off at the middle, and they were thus disappointed in their wish of awakening the inmates of Kendall Green from "nature's sweet restorer."

Some mischievous Freshman added to the beauty of a swell Junior, who prides himself greatly on his fine clothes, by pinning a "cavalier appendage" of unusual length, to his coat. Unconscious of the Darwinian theory, which he was proving, he made a New Year's call on the young ladies of the Primary Department, and he seemed greatly flattered at the burst of laughter from merry lips, with which he was greeted on his entrance. He did not suspect the real cause of his laughter, which was continued during all the time of his stay, until he had made his call, and his feelings may be better imagined than described, when he found it out.

President Gallaudet has returned from the Adirondacks, where he had been spending the holidays, and is looking as hale and hearty as ever.

Some one wrote the following words on the door of the Tennessee room, "The Tennessee boys are all fools," whereupon they set up a notice, challenging the author of the above words, to a mental contest with them. They added, moreover, "if he does not accept the challenge, know ye all, that he is a coward and a liar."

Last evening, Prof. Chickering, delivered an interesting lecture on the weather, and in the course of his remarks, prophesied that we should have a cold spell the next day, to the great joy of the skating fraternity, who have christened him "Old Prob." out of gratitude for the good news.

The students are obliged to run a gauntlet of snow balls on their way, either to chapel or the dining hall, but as the missiles are never too hard, there is no ill feeling, but only good-natured rivalry, so to which could pass through the ordeal without getting hit.

Prof. Job Turner at Worcester.

Worcester, Mass., Jan. 15, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—The Massachusetts Deaf-mute Christian Union is an organization which was formed in Boston in June, 1874, by deaf-mutes of that vicinity and Worcester, for the purpose of maintaining regular Sabbath services in the sign-language, and for other purposes for the benefit of this class of people.

In September, 1875, the "Union" was removed to Worcester, and until April last, held meetings at the rooms of the Y. M. C. Association in Pearl street, free of charge. In April they began holding regular Sabbath services, including Bible class exercises at their new rooms in Gorham's block, which have been beautifully fitted up for the object. The opening exercises were held on the night of the 21st of June. Mr. George B. Keniston, of Everett, Mass., President of the "Union," explained the object of the meeting. He was followed by another deaf-mute gentleman, Mr. George A. Holmes, of Boston, who read in signs a chapter from the Bible; while Mr. M. E. Burrows, of Worcester, a speaking gentleman, read it audibly for the benefit of hearing persons present. He was followed by Prof. Job Turner, of Malden, Mass., late of the Virginia Deaf and Dumb Institution at Staunton, who made the principal address.

After these exercises, the company were favored with some twenty very interesting tableaux, in which the principal parts were taken by Misses Marion L. Taft and Abbie L. Chaffin, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Green, and Messrs. D. B. and H. M. Howe, all natives of Worcester. Miss Taft personated the "Goddess of Liberty," in the opening tableau; and her rendering of the Lord's Prayer in the sign-language was the closing one, and all were exceedingly well received.

I am glad to be able to say that the society is in a flourishing condition, with a good prospect of future success.

Mr. David White, of Boston, is well known as collector for the Deaf and Dumb Society, and has, during the past two years, canvassed the principal cities and towns of this State for subscriptions, with which to maintain the "Union," and the support of preaching and other exercises. I am happy to say that very many of the citizens have given cheerfully for this purpose. The citizens of Worcester are, I have no doubt, interested in the "Union," and will shoulder the wheel with cheerfulness. The hall which the "Union" occupies is very fine, and from it can be seen the old South church, about 120 years old, from the front-door steps of which the Declaration of Independence was read to the patriots who had assembled to hear it, two or three days after it was made public at Philadelphia. The "Union" has a nicely-furnished chamber adjoining the hall, for the preacher to sleep in, free of charge. It is well heated in winter and properly aired in summer. The President of the "Union" is Mr. George B. Keniston, a graduate of the American Asylum, who has a speaking wife, and is a good cabinet-maker by trade. He lives in Everett, about four miles from Boston. The Secretary is Mr. Wm. H. Green, a graduate of the same institution, who has a nice deaf and dumb lady. He was once an efficient clerk in the post office at Gardiner, Maine, when his father was postmaster under the administration of Millard Fillmore. The treasurer is Mr. Charles F. Green, a speaking gentleman of energy and influence and a brother of William. He understands well how to manage finances. The auditor is Mr. D. B. Howe, also a graduate of the American Asylum, who has a nice deaf-mute wife. He had one of his hands badly bitten by his black petterrier, in consequence of which he was compelled to have him shot several weeks ago.

Mrs. Elizabeth D. Denny, a graduate of the same Asylum, is one of the oldest ladies in Worcester, having resided in this city over forty years. She had a keen business deaf and dumb husband, Mr. Edward W. Denny, who died about twelve years ago, and was much respected by all who knew him. He was a skillful cabinet-maker and carpenter and built himself the house where he and his wife lived many years. The street commissioners not long ago graded a new street and called it Denny street in honor of the deceased. I have never before heard of such an honor being paid to any other deaf-mute. During one of my former pastoral visits, some of the deaf-mute members of the society and myself went to the Rural cemetery, a mile from the City Hall, one pleasant Sabbath afternoon. I saw with sadness, the grave which contains the body of Capt. Lincoln, son of Ex-Governor Lincoln, and I believe, grandson of the celebrated Gen. Lincoln who was killed at the battle of Buena Vista, while carrying a flag of truce to Gen. Santa Anna, at the order of Gen. Zachary Taylor. I next went of my way to the grave of "Honest" John Davis, at one time Governor of Massachusetts, and a member of Congress, and while I was looking at it, I thought of his virtues and honors. I was shown the grave of a deaf-mute lady, Mrs. David White, who desired to have a small lamb of carved marble, erected on her grave, which wish was granted. We went to see the graves of three other deaf-mutes, among which was that of Mr. Denny, the deaf-mute carpenter.

Worcester is a manufacturing city of about 50,000 inhabitants; the citizens are enterprising and energetic. Five or six railroads pass through this city, giving life to its business. In Milbury, six miles from this city, live five deaf-mutes whose names are Mr. and Mrs. Varnum B. Wright, Marcus L. and Lewis M. Jacques, and their sister Mary, all of whom are graduates of the Canada Deaf-mute Institution. Mr. Chas. E. Knight, a graduate of the American Asylum, is engaged as foreman for the "Worcester Ice Company." He has an educated deaf-mute uncle, named Cyrus L. Knight, whose home is on a farm of his own, over six miles from this place, and

who walks in good weather from his home to this city to hear the word of God preached in the sign-language, although he is sixty-seven years old, in spite of which age he still works hard on his farm. Miss Alice L. Houghton, a semi-mute, and a graduate of the Northampton Deaf-mute School, was not permitted by its rules to make any signs but only to talk, but since she has left school, she has succeeded in learning our sign-language by talking with her deaf-mute friends, which she could not help, and now she can talk and make signs at the same time, which gives her a great advantage over deaf-mutes who make signs without using speech. She has a little deaf and dumb sister at the Northampton school. I saw her last fall, and she would only talk to me with her fingers.

Among the deaf and dumb ladies of Worcester is Miss Addie V. Joslin, a graduate of the American Asylum, who has a deaf and dumb sister, named Mrs. Sarah L. Howe, a graduate of the same school, whose deaf and dumb husband is the auditor of the society. Miss Joslin is the lady by whom the Worcester Deaf-mute Society sent the bouquet to Mr. George R. Lake before he expired at Lowell, Dec. 12, 1876.

Mr. John McGinness, a graduate of the American Asylum, earns a handsome livelihood by working in a woolen factory. He walks about two miles with remarkable punctuality, to hear the word of God spoken in the sign language. He is a fine looking fellow, with a very good disposition.

Mr. Henry M. Howe, a graduate of the same institution, passes so much for a speaking gentleman, that you would not know him to be a mute, if you were to see him. He has been and is still very useful to the society in many ways.

On Christmas evening, their hall was crowded with a good number of deaf-mutes, and their friends, who had assembled to witness the distribution of presents, from a heavily-laden, and beautifully arranged tree, which did great credit to Miss Marion L. Taft, under the charge of Mr. William H. Green, who was assisted in his efforts to amuse the company, by Prof. Job Turner, of Malden, Mr. George A. Holmes, of Boston, and Mr. Chas. E. Knight. The latter personated a clown under the name of Uncle Sam. The tree was heavily laden with over 150 good presents and presented a very pretty appearance. After the distribution was over, we were treated with a substantial collation, provided by the ladies, assisted by Mr. Henry M. Howe, and served in a very pleasing manner by Mrs. Sarah L. Howe, and her sister, Miss Addie V. Joslin. Mr. Howe knew very well how to delight our palates by cooking oysters with the skill of an experienced caterer. Mr. Green amused the company by telling them that he had ordered the ladies to give me twice as many oysters as the others, as a token of their appreciation, and I told him to follow the example of the goddess of Justice with a handkerchief tied around his head, and demanded equality, to which they would not consent. A high compliment it was truly to their friend.

After the nice oyster supper, we occupied the remainder of the time in social games and conversation, till a late hour in the morning, when we dispersed to our homes well satisfied with having passed a very pleasant evening.

Mr. John Trask, Jr., of Deerfield, Mass., told me that they still keep at the Deerfield town hall, a door from one of the houses which the Indians who came from Canada, tried to destroy by setting fire to it, the history of which your readers must look up.

Those who had come from a distance had to spend the rest of the night in the hall. Among them were Mr. John Trask, Jr., of Deerfield; Miss Gillpatrick, of South Lancaster; Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Wright, of Milbury, and the Jacques's of West Milbury. One of the Jacques's, Mariccas, has a speaking twin brother; but he had the misfortune to lose his hearing and speech by falling out of the arms of his deaf-mute sister when he was a baby, and dashing his head against the floor or ground with such force as to cause him to lose these faculties.

I expect to go to Providence in a few days to see if a new deaf-mute society can be organized there.

Your sincere friend,
JOE TURNER.

The Central New York Institution.

We have received an addition to our pupils in the person of a wee bit of a boy, Daniel McCabe, of Elmira, N. Y. His brother, Mr. James McCabe, who was included, long ago, in the trio of our little six-year-olds. Willie Adams, of Rome, was the second, and Delos Bristol the third. This latter stated with us a year, but coming from Rochester, he was of course swallowed up by the new institution there, as soon as discovered.

Little James and Daniel have a history. They came from the Orphan's Home, and have a sister there. Abandoned long ago, when very small, they were found in an old barrel, into which they had crawled to pass the night. The Home has cared for them since.

They are bright, cute little fellows. James is about a year the elder, and having been in school since October, 1875, knows something, and assumes the care and protection of his little chit of a brother. It is fun to watch them—the older piloting the younger around and showing him what he considers the big things of the school.

Now in these parts is frozen up, so to speak, and I can't dig very well this weather. One of the daughters of Mr. O. W. Evans, the deaf-mute, was married last night; but accounts of the occasion must be sought from Mr. Evans himself or Prof. Chamberlain, who, to the best of your correspondent's knowledge, was the only one from the institution invited.

C. S. M.
Rome, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1877.

Another Victim of the Locomotive.

From our own Correspondent.

FORTVILLE, IND., Jan. 16, 1877.

MR. EDITOR:—Last Friday a deaf and dumb man, named Dick Bannan, was run over and killed by a train of cars on the Cleveland, Col., Cin. and Indianapolis railway, which runs through this place. The manner of his death was so horrible that I thought I would send you an account of it, as a warning to the rest of our silent community, to turn away their steps from the deadly railroad track. The unfortunate man lived at Woodburg, (a small station three miles west of this town), and came to Fortville, last Friday, on business; he left for home about half-past 2 p. m., walking on the railroad track. Soon after he started a western-bound wood train passed, and overtook him close to Woodbury. The train was about a yard from him before he noticed it, and when he turned round and realized his danger, he uttered an awful scream of terror, so loud and agonizing, the people in the stores and houses came running out to see what was the matter; among the rest was Bannan's wife, for it took place near his own door. He made a frantic gasp at the engine, which was running backwards, and caught at the edge of the tender, and in this position was dragged over fifty yards, when his strength failed and he dropped under the wheels, which passed across his throat and between his shoulders, severing his head, left arm and shoulder from the body, below the waist. The body was dreadfully crushed as the engine and four cars passed over him before the train could be stopped. The conductor sent the locomotive back to Fortville, for a coffin, and the undertaker, who returned with it, said they picked up seventy-five pieces of the body scattered along the railroad track. If the mutes who are in the habit of walking on railroads, could have seen poor Bannan's agonized look, and heard his shriek of despair, when the engine bore down on him, surely they would take warning and shun such danger. The train hands said they never heard such an awful cry in their lives; the engineer said he would never forget it. He saw Dick on the track and blew the whistle, but was not aware he was deaf, and expected he would step off the track in time.

Bannan leaves a wife and two little girls, (all speaking and hearing), in destitute circumstances. He was a shoemaker by trade, but for want of steadiness in business he never got along very well.

M. S. C. B.

Letter from New Jersey.

MR. EDITOR:—A short time after I sent that piece to you about the marriage of Mrs. J. R. Burne and Mr. M. S. Bowditch, I recollected that I did not give the date on which it occurred. I was in somewhat of a hurry when they were stopping at my house, and therefore made the omission. I should have said that their marriage took place on the 3d of December.

As to the age of Mr. Bowditch, I expect your readers think that he must be a tottering old man. But he has a good deal of youthfulness left, and looks more like 35 years old than of his real age. He has an aunt over 90 years old. His sister is the wife of Mr. Jonathan Marsh, of Boston, who is known to most of your readers.

I presume that my wife's father is the only one of the first deaf and dumb pupils of the United States now living, unless Mrs. Thomas H. Gallaudet is one of them. He went to school in the City Hall, in Hartford, in the year 1817, before the Hartford Asylum was erected. He must be looking over his younger generations who have been educated in nearly all the institutions of the United States, with gratification. His name is George Washington Allen. He married Miss Mary Russell, who was educated at Hartford Asylum, and they have three deaf and dumb children, all of whom are married, each having one or two deaf and dumb children. One of the elder is married to a hearing and speaking lady, and had one hearing child and two deaf and dumb children.

Is deafness hereditary? From my impartial observations I think that it has three different causes, viz: disease, heredity, and visitation of God. As to the last, I regret to say, I do not feel like going into the minutiae of its causes.

I should be ashamed to say that New Jersey (my native State) is nearly the only State in the United States having no institution of its own for its deaf and dumb. It has been so much webbed with the railroads from New York and Pennsylvania that they could not see the pitiful condition in which their shameful treatment had forced them. I am happy to say that the prospects for the uneducated deaf-mutes are brightening up, for they have been thoroughly aroused to a sense of the necessity of an institution of their own. I am quite certain that it will be started next year.

Rev. E. Mix, who is one of the Commissioners and their Secretary, told me that they were in a better position than a year ago to manage the affair. There was a misunderstanding between them and Gov. Bedle, which has delayed it till next year. He is in favor of the proposed institution in this State, but is opposed to the erection of a new building for it, and proposes that the Soldiers' Orphan's Home at Trenton, be fixed up for a temporary school.

This poor year, which terrible political storms shook so roughly and hard times treated so unmercifully, has swept over his past follies, but is now tottering into his grave to be buried forever. The new year with a stout constitution is to take his place to-morrow and hold the sceptre over political corruption, and it will sink, and better times come back I hope. The old year is lying on his bed of death; he is groaning; he is dying; he is gone! Welcome to the New Year! A happy new year to your readers.

J. B.
Newark, N. J., Dec. 31st, 1876.

Wisconsin Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

DELAVER, WIS., Jan. 15th, 1877.

MR. EDITOR:—News from this place has been abundant, and if a chronicler had been on hand, he could have gathered up quite a stock of items for your paper. The holidays passed with the usual festivities. Santa Claus came along loaded down with good things for the pupils, Christmas night, which was much enjoyed by both the officers and pupils. New Year's evening a stereopticon exhibition given with a drummed light, gave great pleasure to the inmates of our institution, as the pictures were very clearly drawn out.

Our reading club is still flourishing. Debates take place every Saturday night. One pupil, by the name of Meeland, has gone home. He has been sick a long time.

John Heintz, another pupil, has lost the first joint of the forefinger of the right hand from sliding down hill.

One of our former pupils, William Brophy has been having several law suits with a woman from whom he rented a farm. He has beat her in the two cases already tried, and the third will be set down for the 26th inst., and he feels confident of winning this one also. He rented her place for one year, having a verbal contract whereby he was to get out what manure he pleased upon the farm; but along in the winter the old lady got a written contract drawn up, in which it was stated he was to "get out all the manure now in the barn yard and what might accumulate from time to time." During the season he worked for her, but she refused to pay him his wages. Then, when his grain was almost ready to harvest, her cattle broke in and remained in the field all day. Mr. Brophy tried in vain to get a reasonable settlement, and at last brought two suits against her. The woman was a divorced widow, whose former husband is living near her. She married an English sailor before the first suit came off, and sent him to appear for her; but it was finally settled, she paying Mr. Brophy his honestly earned wages. Then she turned and sued him at Troy, 18 miles distant, for damages because he did not get out all the manure per contract. Mr. Brophy got the suit adjourned one week, came to Delavan, and secured the services of Prof. C. L. Williams as interpreter, and R. R. Menzie, who is one of the ablest lawyers in this State. Mr. Menzie is 67 years old, of large experience and deep culture, with large physique and determined manner. A blinding snow storm with heavy drifts prevented the lawyer and interpreter from arriving at the court house till 15 minutes past time, and many anxious glances had been cast up the road for the pair, by the friends of Mr. Brophy, and they were many, including nearly all the people of his neighborhood and township. The plaintiff had hired the best lawyer in town, named Merrill, who had commenced the suit promptly on time, and was in a fair way to get a judgment for \$40, when up came the lawyer and interpreter, who were not even allowed time to thaw out after a cold ride of 18 miles, with wind and snow in their faces. But lawyer Menzie soon gave the court, plaintiff and people to understand that whichever party won the suit, it must be only after a thorough trial, and stated his defence. Troy has not been so stirred from centre to circumference in a long time. A jury was called, witnesses examined, and the lawyers kept the crowded court room in a continual state of excitement by their thrusts, parries and retorts. Lawyer Menzie was threatened with prosecution for his bold assertions, but it glanced off his cheek like arrows from an alligator's back. Last Thursday and Friday were thus spent till 4 p. m. of the latter day, when the case was submitted to the jury, who after half an hour on bread and water diet returned a verdict of "no cause of action"—thus favoring defendant Brophy. This old gentleman, Menzie, never put his talents as a lawyer to a better use, or when they showed to better advantage, than in the defense of this young mute farmer. The congratulations he received at the close of the trial were more satisfactory than money. Mr. Brophy felt much relieved, and feels confident of the justness of his claim in his third suit now pending.

Geo. Taylor and family, of Attica, N. Y., are spending some time here with Prof. Hiram Phillips.

NAHUM.

The New England Industrial Home.

The following is the General Agent's message to the Trustees of the Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes, in Marblehead, New England:

GENTLEMEN:—I have not met with as good luck in collecting money the last three months, as I did before, from various causes, which are unavoidable; but the prospect of success in the future is very good.

I made a thorough inquiry, as I proposed to you, as to the best county to buy a farm for the Home. I believe Essex county in this State is the best, because it is a healthy place, being located on the sea shore; because the land has the reputation of being the best to produce garden vegetables and farm produce; because it contains many more cities and large towns than most counties, where there are numerous manufacturers of all kinds—farms so situated are generally profitable. Essex county is nearly in the middle of New England, and has three or four railroads running through it.

Some deaf-mutes in New Hampshire desire that the Home should be established in that State on account of the bequest of the Miss Morrison being given from that State, and because land is cheaper, but I doubt very much whether we should succeed well there. I came from that State and know whereof I speak.

The roads in Essex county are generally very good, and it is near enough to

Boston, with which we can transact business, and do our trading at the least cost of transportation, &c., &c. I think I have said enough for the present upon this point.

Now the question is, is it wise to purchase a farm at once if a man can be found who is willing to assist us in the purchase, or who is willing to sell at as low a price as possible and wait for his pay, as long as possible, so as to enable us to pay in small installments? For my part I think there is great need of a farm at once, because there are deaf-mutes who need to be taken care of now—I believe when people know we have fairly started the Home they will have more confidence, and will give more money and other articles than they would now, as I know by long experience. I think there will be no difficulty as I have many advantages, and the help of good deaf-mute farmers and workmen. I should not take in more than four or five at present, until we have means enough to increase the number. We should take advantage of the time when farms are sold cheap. Why should I spend or throw away so much here, paying rent and other things when I could turn it to good account on the farm with so much good help as I have now. I am ready to go on it if you say so, and throw off my coat, and begin in earnest, as I desire very much to help all who need it. There is much to say, but I shall defer it to another time. The Massachusetts people are noted for their generosity, and very likely we shall succeed easier in asking help from this State than in others.

WM. B. SWETT.

What a Father Says of His Deaf-mute Son.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 20, 77.

We are going through a rare experience here—the gradual melting away of twelve inches of snow, and the patient and long waiting for the opening of river navigation. We have been used, in the coldest of winters, to watch the freezing of the Potomac at night and the coming of powerful steamers through clear water or thin ice in the next few days. But this winter the river has for more than half a month remained solidly frozen for fifty or sixty miles below us. The snow half filled the streets and fields and vacant lots, and is leaving us now, after a twenty days' stay, through the influence of heat and fog. This winter will be memorable in Washington for the enjoyment it brought to the rich, and the suffering of the poor. The one especial blessing of the season has been the remarkably low price of coal, which has enabled the poor to live at less than the usual expense, and relief to be furnished more generally than would otherwise have been practicable. The huts the very poor live in, in this season, are not designed for protection against a winter such as this has been. With no government of its own, and therefore no power, even in extremity, to draw upon the rich to help the poor, we can only urge to double activity the organizations started by private individuals for such relief. These are doing all they can, and citizens are helping liberally through them, but I believe no other city of its size in this country contains as much suffering from hunger to-day as Washington, the Capital of the nation.

Another trouble anticipated from the unusual fall of snow is the rise of the Potomac when the snow melts above us on the river. This annually causes damage on the lower streets of the city, which are only just above ordinary high tide; and this year an unprecedented loss is feared. It will be nothing as compared to losses in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and other business cities, but will tell heavily on the small trade of Washington.

Theatricals and other amusements have met with not much success here of late, though the quality has been exceptionally good. The political excitement and the "hard times" have kept away many who usually patronize the better class of entertainments offered.

The agreement and report of the Senate and House Joint Committee, with the accompanying Bill, is of course, the prominent topic for discussion here, as in every city, village and hamlet where the telegraph reaches. That all questions concerning the disputed votes shall be referred for decision to a Commission consisting of five Senators, five Members of the House and five judges of the Supreme Court, is a novel proposition, but, perhaps, as fair a plan as could have met with the approval of the Committee, all signed the report with the exception of Senator Morton. His reasons for not concurring are not yet made known, and it is not thought that he will strenuously oppose the Bill. The Senate has expressed its opinion as to whether the Judges of the Supreme Court will consent to act as proposed; and indeed it will be placing upon their shoulders a heavy burden of responsibility; for upon them will probably depend the final decision, and however wise, or conciliatory, or just the verdict may be, a storm of indignation and vituperation from the strikers and "organs" of the defeated party will inevitably fall upon their devoted heads. But outside of placemen, politicians and office seekers, we believe the whole country would cheerfully accept the result.

SAXON.

DEERFIELD, Sept. 17, 1876.

MR. EDITOR:—Two young men were out gunning on Friday last in the north-westerly part of this town, when their dog discovered something and made quite a barking. The young men went to the place (an obscure pasture not far from Mr. Harrison Jones) and found a person partially covered with leaves, with some clothing wrapped around the head. Supposing the person to be dead, they imme-

diately alarmed the neighbors who repaired at once to the place and found a female stranger lying as above in a very exhausted condition, unable to stand or walk. She appeared to be deaf and dumb, and about thirty years of age. She was cared for, and subsequently by writing and signs she said she had been enticed away from Cherry street, New York, by a person who promised to marry her; that she rode with him several days, and then he left her. She was seen to pass by the Centre early in the morning two weeks ago to-day, walking; very fast with a long cane or stick, and was seen several times after that by different individuals. It is not known that she called at any house. She was last seen about one week before she was found, walking as above in a field, going in the direction where found. The selectmen have taken her in charge, and as soon as she is able they propose to send her on her way to New York, where she says she has friends and wishes to go. She objects to giving her name.

DEERFIELD, Sept. 17, 1876.

MR. EDITOR:—One day last week, Mr. Hilliard Smith, who lives in what is known as the Griffin neighborhood, found on the shore of a pond near his house, a woman who was exhausted from hunger and travelling. Her appearance indicated that she had seen better times. She represented herself as belonging in New York, but gives no very intelligible account of the manner in which she came so far from home. There are indications that there is rascality at the bottom of it.

W. B. S.

Lincoln's Economy and Simplicity.

Lincoln's economy was as natural to him as his simplicity of character. His dress was of plain and cheap material; and he seemed to have no consciousness as to whether it fitted him or not. His mind was never on that subject. The horse he used to drive on the circuit, an honest old fellow, was about like him, and his buggy always held together, but there was nothing to spare. Both were institutions of the same circuit, and all lawyers knew "Old Tom" as well as his owner.

One time at the De Witt court, only a few years before he became President, in the absence of a judge he sat upon the bench and tried a case by agreement. The suit was against one of the best farmers in the country, and was brought by a merchant for a suit of clothes sold to the farmer's minor son, which the old gentleman refused to pay for, because bought without authority. The law question was whether the suit of clothes, which cost altogether \$28, was a species of extravagance, or was suited to the young man's position in life. After hearing the evidence, Lincoln as judge, hearing the case, as he was without a jury, decided that the bill was extravagant, adding, "I have very rarely in my life had a suit of clothes that cost \$28."

When he went to Washington he dressed as carefully as any man in that position. He was always neat in his person, his clothes fitted him well, he shaved every morning, and was always presentable. But all this to the credit of a faithful servant of the White-house, who shaved him every morning, and who saw that the President was in order, and never would let him go out unless in the proper shape. Once I was in his room at the White-house when he was just going to the Capitol, to remain there during the last hours of the session, in the President's official room, to sign bills at the last moment. He was about to start when the servant said: "Mr. President, you must change your clothes before going." "What's the reason?" said Lincoln, rather cross and impatient—"What's the reason these clothes are not good enough?" looking down to his suit. "Why," said the servant, "you must wear your dress suit and coat, for your appearance in the President's room is official." Lincoln protested and ridiculed the idea, but the colored gentleman stuck to him and captured him. Don't understand me that Mr. Lincoln was ever shabby or slovenly in his appearance; he was not. He was simply indifferent to the style, cut and quality of his clothing. He was just as well pleased with good clothing as poor, and seemingly after he got to Washington took to it kindly; but he was also just as well suited with poor as with good, and the question of what he had on depended upon whether, in this regard, some one looked after him. Prior to his going to Washington, he had saved up from his practice about \$50,000. This was simply savings, as I don't think he ever made a trade for the purpose of gain in his life. While in Washington the same economy followed him, and while the White-house was always genteel and good enough, he saved during his four years' term more than half of his salary.

—Leonard Sweet.

Gen. Jackson, when in the Creek campaign, once ordered a mutinous regiment to return to duty, drawing his sword upon the Colonel and swearing that he would run him through if he did not obey. The Colonel, as brave as the General, also drew his sword, and the men lifted their pieces ready to shoot the General if he attacked the Colonel. But the wrathful glance of Jackson's eye conquered his subordinate, who finally let his sword drop from his nerveless hand. Jackson instantly picked it up and politely handed it to him, with the remark, "Colonel, you are too brave a man to be deprived of your sword. Take it and go back to your duty." The Colonel, completely subdued by the General's magnanimity, ordered his command back at once, and returned to camp.

A person who had been at church having returned home a little earlier than usual, was accosted by another member of the family who had not been there, "Is all done?" "No," he replied, "it is all said, but all is not done."

William Black tells of a sailor who coming on deck in the English Channel on a voyage home from the Mediterranean, and finding himself surrounded with driving sleet and fog and east winds, remarked, "Ha, this is weather as is weather; none o' your hanged blue skies."

A little boy in Stockton, Cal., stuck a red-hot poker into the luncheon of a keg that contained a pound of gunpowder. The result was all that could have been expected.

Something About Postage.

Postage stamps should be placed on the upper right-hand corner of the address side of all Mail Matter.

Cut postage stamps, stamps cut from stamped envelopes, mutilated postage stamps, and internal revenue stamps, cannot be accepted in payment for postage.

Postmasters are not obliged to accept in payment of postage stamps or stamp envelopes, wrappers, etc., any currency which may be so mutilated as to be uncurrent, or the genuineness of which cannot be clearly ascertained. They are not obliged to receive more than twenty-five cents in copper or nickel coins. They are not obliged to affix stamps to letters, nor are they obliged to make change except as a matter of courtesy. Neither should they give credit for postage.

To use or attempt to use in payment of postage, a postage stamp or stamped envelope, or any stamp cut from any such stamped envelope which has been before used in payment of postage, is punishable with a fine of fifty dollars.

In using postal cards, be careful not to write or have anything printed on the side to be used for the address, except the address, also be careful not to paste gum, or attach anything to them. They are unavailable as postal cards when these suggestions are disregarded.

No card is a "postal card" except such as are issued by the Post Office Department. Cards issued by private parties as postal cards, containing any writing in addition to an address, are subject to letter postage.

To insure a letter being forwarded in the mails, it must have not less than three cents in postage stamps affixed. The word "Paid" indorsed on a letter is not regarded at the office of delivery; letters so marked, and not having any stamp affixed, are treated as unpaid.

The double rate of six cents for each half ounce, or fraction thereof, is chargeable on letters reaching their destination which have not had one full rate prepaid at the mailing office. If a one or two cent stamp has been affixed at the mailing office the amount should be deducted.

A young woman in Rochester, N. Y., has sued for damages a man who kissed her. And the Boston Post says: "A man who can't kiss a woman without damaging her ought to pay for his awkwardness."

When King Theodore of Abyssinia is committed suicide, the English officers found and brought away a little boy, the son and heir of the dead King. The lad has been educated in England, in fact the Queen has in a manner adopted him. The Prince of Abyssinia is now at Rugby, visits the royal household during his holidays, and is studious but not smart.

The grove of Gen. Lee is kept constantly adorned with flowers.

Real Estate Sales.

Timothy W. Skinner et al. to Maurier L. Wright, land in Mexico, \$5,117.53. Dec., 1876.

Maurice L. Wright to Edward Williams, land in Mexico, \$305. December, 1876.

Leora Fenton to Jeremiah Hough, land in Albion, \$250. Dec., 1876.

Maurice L. Wright to Michael Gleason, land in Mexico, \$692. Dec., 1876.

Ezra Ure to Sarah Backus, lot in Palermo, \$600. March, 1875.

Ennie Farmer to John Adams, land in Redfield, \$400. Nov., 1876.

Sarah J. Smith to Ennie Farmer, land in Redfield, \$350. Nov., 1875.

Geo. R. Mosher to Hamilton A. Mosher, land in Parish, \$1,700. July, 1876.

Philander Martin et al. to Mary Martin, land in Richland, \$400. Jan., 1876.

Russell Calkins to Elizabeth Getty, land in Richland, \$400. Jan., 1877.

Rosina Eggleston et al. to Phineas Davis, land in Mexico, \$1,450. Nov., 1876.

Edson D. Goff to Aaron Killam, et al., land in Mexico, \$634. Feb., 1871.

Michael Reed to Phineas Davis, land in Mexico, \$100. June, 1875.

Franklin E. Griffith to Phineas Davis, land in Mexico, \$100. June, 1875.

Joseph H. Averill to Phineas Davis, land in Mexico, \$800. May, 1871.

Andrew J. Anderson to Cordelia Faber, land in Parish, \$600. Dec., 1876.

Joseph Mellen to Henry A. White, land in Albion, \$200. Dec., 1876.

Joseph Spoon to Ezra Spoon, land in Amboy, \$300. Jan., 1877.

Albert Warren to Daniel R. Lewis, land in Amboy, \$1. Nov., 1876.

Eighty thousand loads of snow were removed from the streets of Brooklyn during the past three weeks, which cost the city seven cents per load.

Are you aware of the fact that Cove Blankets are sold cheaper than ever at Pryne's Harness Shop? They are also of a good quality as well as very cheap. Now is the time to purchase.

At Pryne's Harness Shop can be found a fine lot of Horse Blankets, and they are cheaper than any ever before offered in Mexico.

Board of Supervisors.

Condensed from the Oswego Times.

THIRTY-SIXTH DAY.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Mr. Dixon—That Mr. Daggett be added to the Committee to supervise the improvement of the Insane Asylum and the committee be directed to proceed with the work. Adopted.

Mr. Brigham moved a preamble and resolution, advising or instructing the County Judge of Oswego county to designate and employ A. Wart, Esq., to assist the District Attorney in the prosecution of the Greenfield murder trial. Adopted.

By Mr. Nichols—That the County Treasurer be empowered and instructed to borrow upon the credit of the county the money necessary to go on with the improvement of the Insane Asylum at Mexico. Adopted.

REPORTS.

Mr. Sampson, from the committee to settle with Supervisors reported that duty performed.

Mr. Rowe from the special committee to whom was referred the report of the committee appointed by the Board of last year to investigate the poor-house management, made a lengthy report. By this report but very little was brought to light not already known. It rehearsed the evidence against ex-Superintendent Scripture disposed of last year, and ex-Superintendent Parsons of a year or two before, and expressed the opinion that Parsons was guilty of innumerable other offences against the county besides his pork transactions, if they could only be got at, a statement which will not give the Oswego County people any new ideas upon the subject. With reference to the grease business it came out that Mr. Tuller, the poor house keeper, claimed that Superintendent Scripture agreed that he should sell the same and keep the money in part compensation for his services. This coming to the ears of the other Superintendents they disapproved of it, and Mr. Tuller had long since paid over the money thus realized. With reference to some pork transaction between Tuller and his brother by which dressed hogs were exchanged the evidence was peculiar and the committee could make nothing of it. With reference to the insane woman in the asylum, her pension had been collected by the keeper and paid over to the County Superintendents long ago. With reference to hauns furnished to prominent gentlemen of Mexico, there was no evidence that they had not paid their full value to the County and neither this committee nor the one which brought out this evidence ever thought there was. With reference to Dr. Bradbury and his coal supply, the report stated that Dr. B. was clerk for the Superintendents at a compensation of \$100 per annum, and he claimed pay for making reports to the Board of Supervisors and other services in addition. That he had had coal from the county and that his unpaid bills against the Superintendents would cover the value of the coal. The report stated that the Superintendents, claimed that the \$100 was in full for all services.

Mr. Rowe seemed to think that while the labors of the committee had really unearthed nothing new it had dug out a great deal that was suspicious, and had saved the county a great deal of money. Mr. Root moved that the report be received and printed in the proceedings of the Board. Adopted.

Mr. Root said the report showed that there had been a great deal of stealing outside of Sandy Creek, and he thought so last year. On listening to the evidence he did not see anything tangible. Did not think anybody could be convicted on the evidence, but he felt that much good had been accomplished. He moved the discharge of the committee. He was convinced that many parties ought to be followed up, but did not see how anybody was to be convicted on such evidence.

Mr. Babcock moved to amend, that the Committee be continued to serve with the clerk. He thought money might be recovered to the county.

Mr. Root still insisted that he could not see any positive evidence that could be relied upon against any person to recover money.

Mr. Lee thought the evidence amply sufficient to convict the offenders. He insisted on the continuance of the committee which should confer with the District Attorney and all suspected parties should be prosecuted at once.

Mr. Babcock stated that there was no evidence to convict any one of crime. It was only a breach of trust.

Mr. Rowe stated that as to the suspicion hinted at, he did not know that any one could be convicted on suspicion, and there was great difficulty in getting at the facts. It might be that a little further perseverance might result in something fruitful, perhaps not.

Mr. Sampson thought it idle to pursue this matter further. Messrs. Scripture and Tuller were settled with and had paid over all the claims the county had against them more than a year ago. Mr. Rowe had stated that the Board knew as much of the truth as the committee did. And if this was true any member of the Board must be convinced that there was no evidence out of which anything could be gained.

Mr. Rudd asked if the investigation of the present committee had led to the restoration of any money, it there was anything known about the matter not already known when the committee was appointed.

The motion was so modified that Messrs. Rowe and Hart and the Clerk are to continue the investigations.

Mr. Nichols moved to take from the table his resolution to elect three instead of one Superintendent of the Poor, the question to be decided by ballot so that the members could vote secretly and not be influenced by political considerations.

After considerable desultory discussion Mr. Nichols moved that his own motion

be laid upon the table, where it could die the death of the righteous. Adopted.

Mr. Gardner introduced a resolution of thanks to the Chair for the able and impartial manner in which he had presided. Adopted unanimously.

Mr. Brigham introduced a similar resolution for the Clerk, which was adopted unanimously.

Speeches were made by the Clerk and the Chair, thanking the members for favors and courtesies, when the Chair declared the Board adjourned sine die.

FARMING.

John Henry Miller is now the landlord at the Parish (railroad) house.

Andrew J. Anderson is appointed trustee of school district No. 10, in this town, by Supervisor Taylor, in the place of Wm. Merritt, who is incapacitated to serve by reason of prolonged absence from the district. Said Anderson is to serve till the next annual school meeting.

Jonathan Irish, Esq., has rented the saw mill at the village. One great source of profit in this town is very much curtailed by the hard times. We refer to our lumber. Almost every person in town, to a more or less extent, is dependent upon lumber for means of support and gain. The lumber is sent off in the shape of wood, boards, timbers, heading, stove-poles, barrels and even logs. Since the hard times there has been but little call for them. There is but little forest being cleared off. The largest trees in the forest are out for lumber. There is a good reason for this. We find that most of our large trees have commenced to decay. They must be cut in order to be saved, especially the hemlock, for if that tree is not cut till it is dead, the bark for tanning purposes is lost. Many farmers who had reserved their forest for future use, find they must cut their large trees to give way for a younger growth. Many who have done so, find a very thrifty growth of small trees growing rapidly in the place of the old ones. For a short time past there has been a better call for lumber, but we find another serious difficulty. The snow is so deep at present that it is almost impossible to get the logs from the forest to the mill. As soon as this difficulty is removed, we think the lumber business will revive. Dairying is a much more stable business than lumbering, and our farmers are increasing the number of their cows, and we believe in a few years our whole town, like Mexico, will be noted for its dairying.

On last Saturday and Sunday was held the Methodist quarterly meeting. It was expected that Rev. Mr. Cowles would be present, and many were disappointed because he was not here. Rev. Mr. Sherwood, of Colosse, preached the afternoon sermon, last Saturday.

Parish, Jan. 5, 1877.

NORTH VOLNEY.

The storms of last week was very severe in this vicinity, the wind blowing almost a gale a part of the time. Many of the roads were completely filled with snow, so people had to turn out and shovel through the drifts, and before the next morning they would be all filled up again, putting stop to nearly all traveling. The "golden inhabitant" says the snow will last, because it came just before the new moon. The signs unmistakably point that way.

One day last week Mr. Charles Parkhurst, while feasting on roast duck, accidentally swallowed a bone one and a half inches long, which lodged in his throat. After many futile endeavors to get it out he went to Fulton for medical aid. Dr. Bacon administered to him a powerful emetic which caused him to throw out the obstruction, much to his joy and great relief.

Mr. John Stevens, one of our oldest and respected citizens is quite ill, and his friends have doubts of his recovery.

North Volney, Jan. 15, 1877.

NEW HAVEN.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 13, 1877.

Mrs. G. W. Myers has sold her farm to Mr. Ruzey. Price, \$3,100.

There is no work being done around here in the woods this winter. The snow is so deep work cannot be done to any advantage. Laborers are generally idle, with the exception of a little shoveling they get to do on the railroad.

The Week of Prayer is being observed at both churches. The weather has been so bad that but few could get out to attend the meetings.

Mr. Addison Tullar killed a hog a few days since, (a full blood Poland China), and it weighed 275 lbs. It was a very fine specimen. This was dressed weight. Also, she was not fatted on Oswego County meal.

OCCASIONAL.

Theodore Thomas' Disappointment.

Every friend of Theodore Thomas will regret to learn that owing mainly to storms and hard times, his losses have been so great in his recent tour through the State, that he was compelled to wholly abandon his trip to Watertown Saturday, and had barely enough money left with which to pay necessary bills and his way back to New York. The company left town Saturday noon on the First Atlantic. We trust that when he again starts out he will have better fortune. He richly deserves it.—*Syracuse Standard.*

Among the places left out in the cold is Oswego. We cannot blame him for coming here under such circumstances, for barely one hundred tickets had been sold. Taking the extremely hard times and the extremely stormy weather together they make managers sick.—*Oswego Times.*

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Our motto, as heretofore, will be to give subscribers their

FULL MONEY'S WORTH

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OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS, all of whom are so well and favorably known for their literary abilities, will be retained, and the Journal will be conducted on a better plan than ever. Our Correspondents and Contributors, regular, special and occasional, embracing writers of moral articles, and spicy productions will supply our readers with interesting reading matter suited to the tastes of the grave and sedate, and spice that will be relished by the gay and young. We shall fill weekly as many columns of space during the year as we can in our Paper with

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Mexico, May 16, 1876

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